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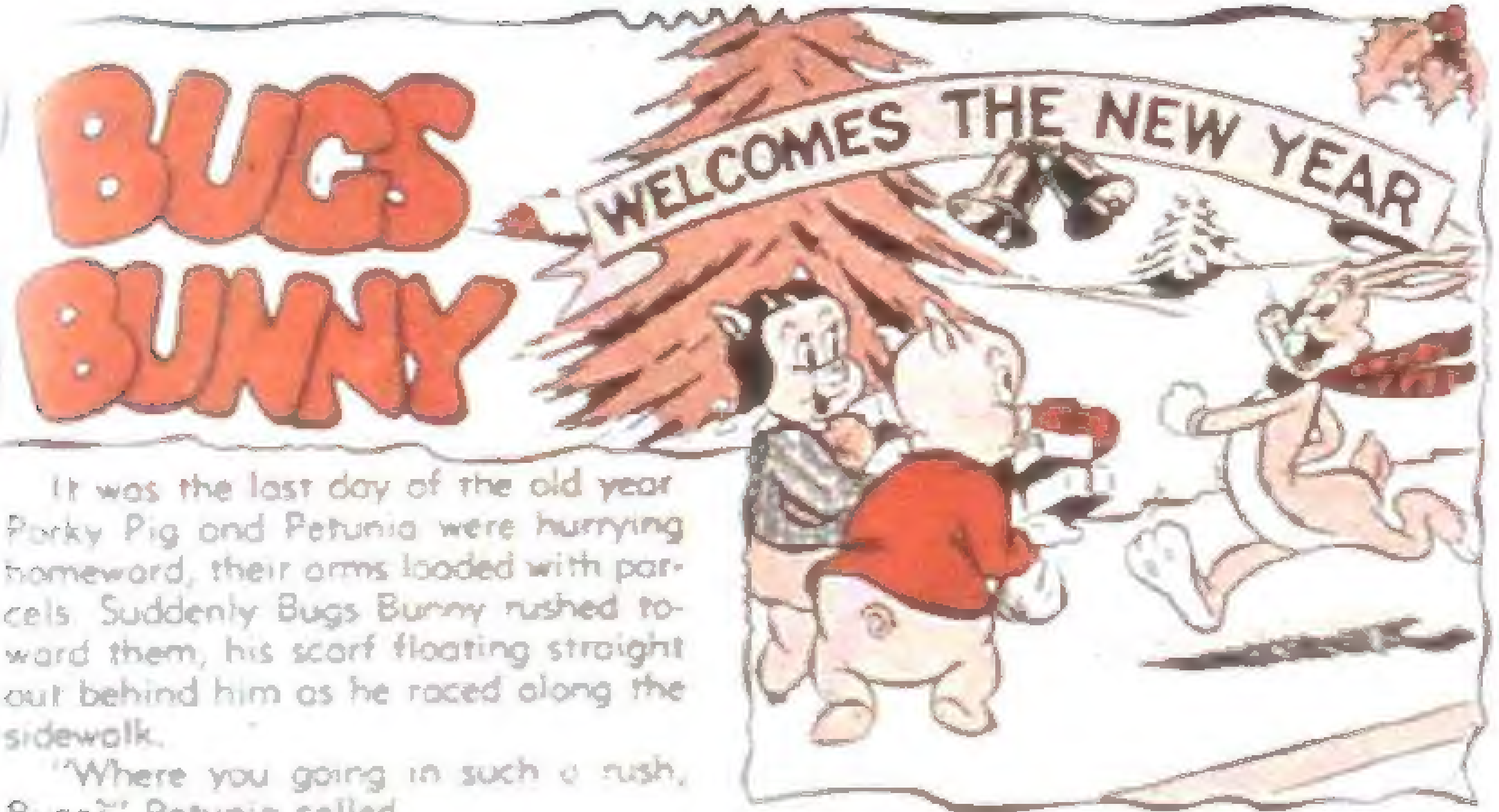
FEBRUARY

64

LOONEY TUNES comics

MERRIE MELODIES

BUGS BUNNY WELCOMES THE NEW YEAR



It was the last day of the old year. Porky Pig and Petunia were hurrying homeward, their arms loaded with parcels. Suddenly Bugs Bunny rushed toward them, his scarf floating straight out behind him as he raced along the sidewalk.

"Where you going in such a rush, Bugs?" Petunia called.

"I'm makin' my plans for celebratin' New Year's Eve tonight," Bugs answered, skidding to a stop beside them. "What're you two goin' to do?"

"W-We're g-goin' to s-spend a quiet evening at P-Petunia's house," Porky explained. "We've g-got a f-lot of g-good things t-to eat an' we're g-goin' to t-toast marshmallows and have f-fun till m-midnight when the b-bells ring! D-Do you w-want to c-celebrate with us?"

"No, thanks! I don't call that a celebration!" Bugs scoffed. "Only li'l kids stay home on New Year's Eve! I'm goin' to celebrate in a big way this year!"

"H-How?" Porky inquired.

"I'm fixin' up a one-man band," Bugs grinned. "I'm goin' to have a wash tub for a drum, a paper-covered comb, a couple horns, a big washboard and a loud snapper left over from the Fourth o' July! I'm goin' to load 'em all on a wheelbarrow and go where the lights are bright! At midnight I'll put on a show that'll wake up the whole town!"

"But, Bugs, have you got all the things to make your one-man band?" Petunia wanted to know.

"No," Bugs replied. "I'll have to borrow 'em. In fact, I'm hurryin' now to start my borrowin'!"

"Well, don't let us stop you," Petunia giggled. "We've just bought our marshmallows and goodies for tonight. If you change your mind, we'll be glad to have you join us!"

"Thanks, but I won't change my mind!" Bugs chortled. "I'm goin' out where there's noise an' excitement an' lotsa people. Stayin' home, toastin' marshmallows, is li'l kid stuff! S'long!"

Bugs raced merrily away, and Porky and Petunia went on toward Petunia's house.

All that long afternoon Bugs charged up and down the street. Once he was rolling a big wash tub on its side. Another time he was staggering under the weight of a huge French horn. Again he had a washboard strapped to his back and his arms were filled with coils of wire.

From a window in Petunia's house, Porky and Petunia watched him as he panted and puffed back and forth with his various loads. Finally, as dusk was falling, Porky called to him.

(Continued on inside back cover)

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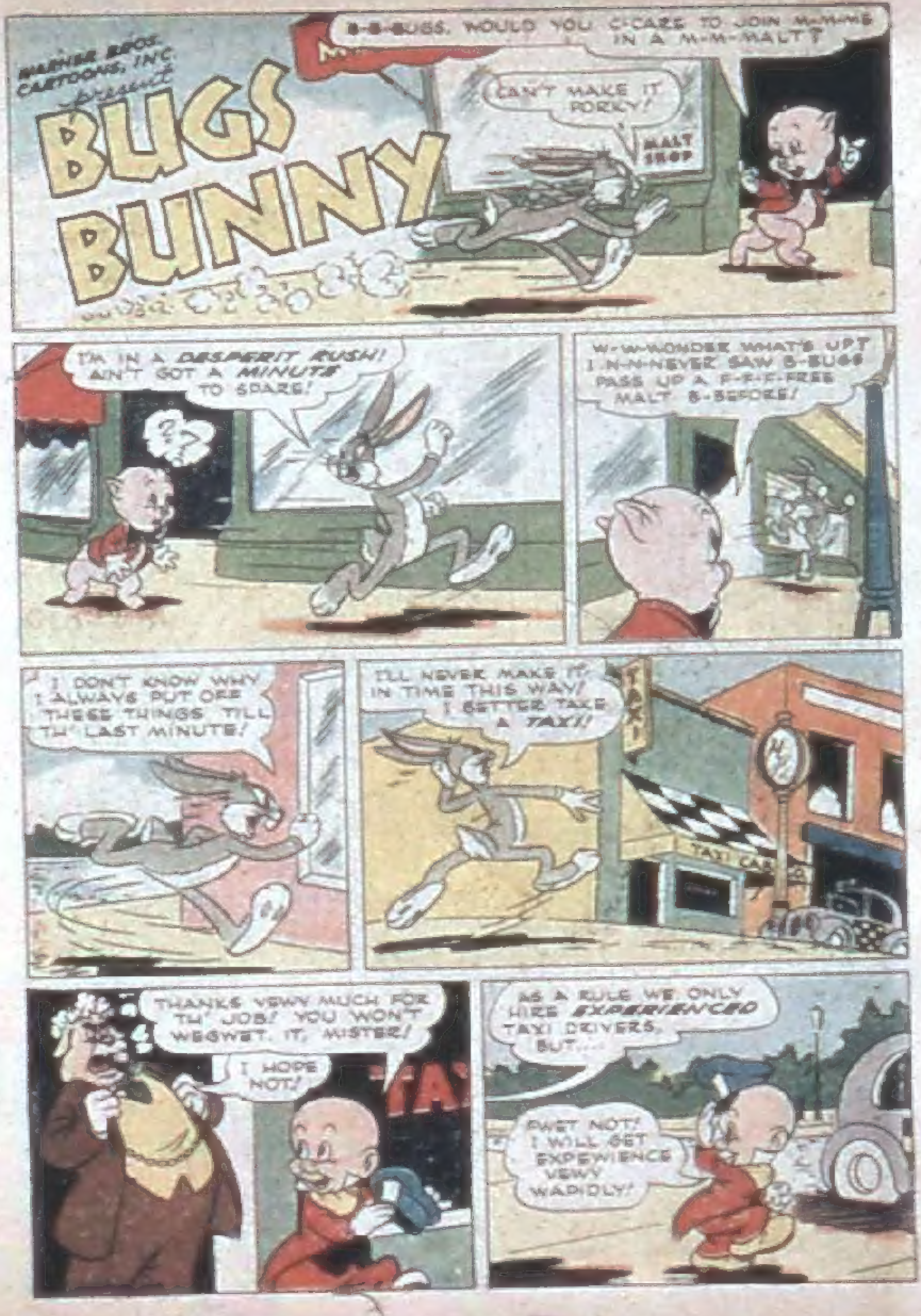
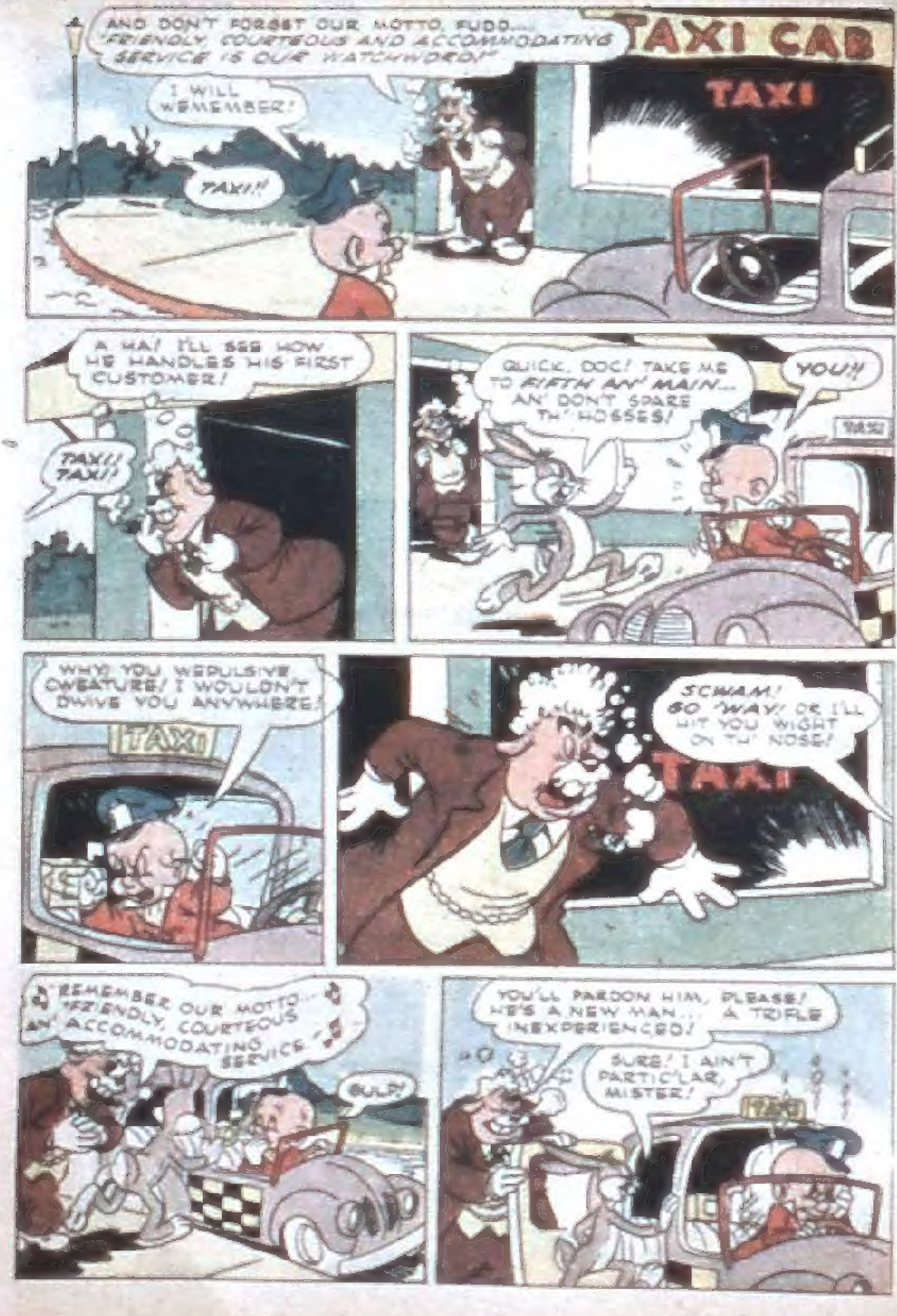
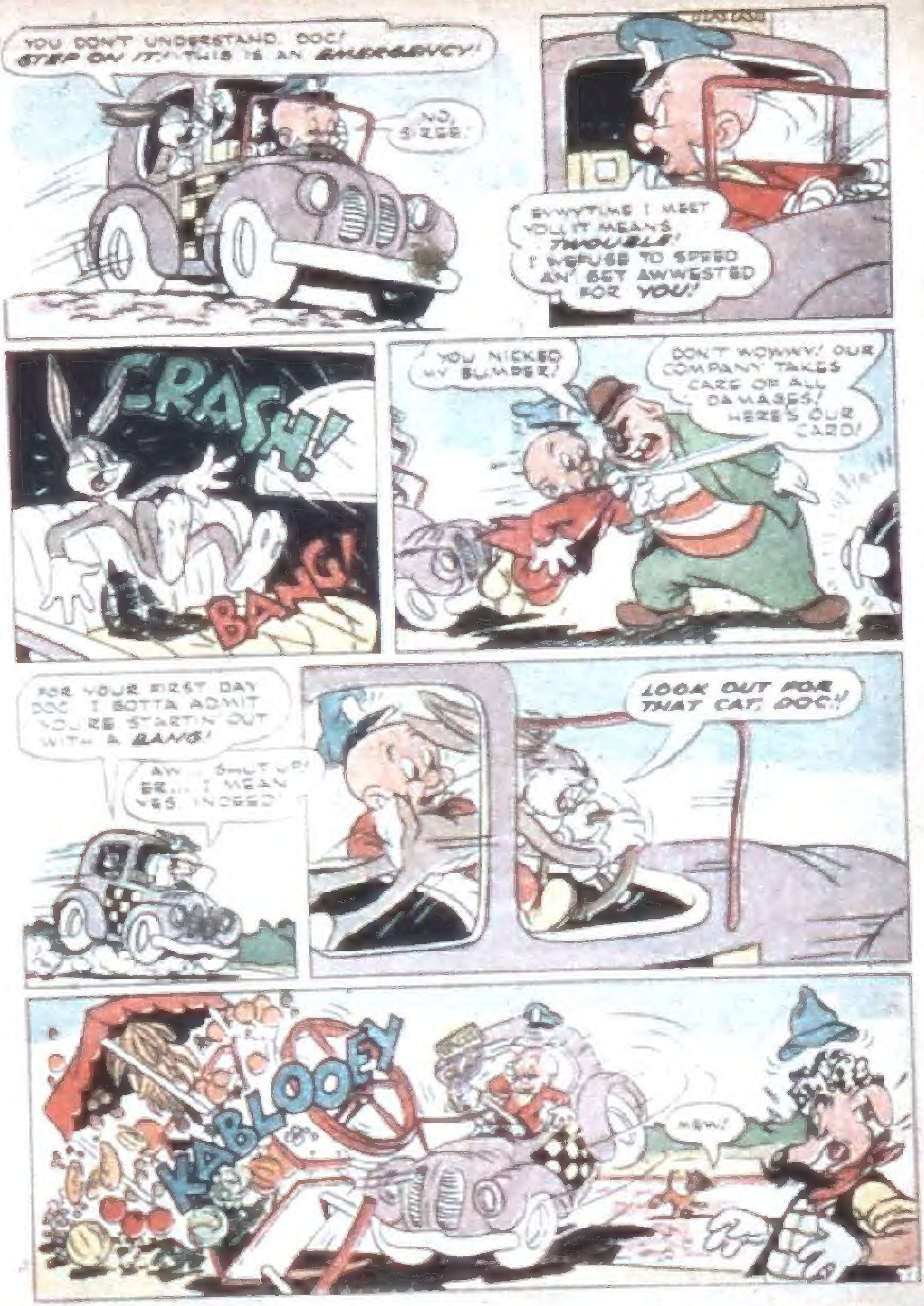
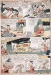
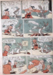
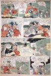

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. present
BUGS BUNNY
B-B-BUGS, WOULD YOU C-CARE TO JOIN M-M-ME IN A M-M-MALT?
CAN'T MAKE IT PORKY!
MALT SHOP
I'M IN A *DESPERIT RUSH!* AIN'T GOT A *MINUTE* TO SPARE!
?
W-W-WONDER WHAT'S UP? I N-N-NEVER SAW B-BUGS PASS UP A F-F-F-FREE MALT B-BEFORE!
I DON'T KNOW WHY I ALWAYS PUT OFF THESE THINGS TILL TH' LAST MINUTE!
I'LL NEVER MAKE IT IN TIME THIS WAY! I BETTER TAKE A *TAXI!!*
TAXI
TAXI CAB CO.
THANKS VEWY MUCH FOR TH' JOB! YOU WON'T WEGWET IT, MISTER!
I HOPE NOT!
TAXI
AS A RULE WE ONLY HIRE *EXPERIENCED* TAXI DRIVERS, BUT...
PWET NOT! I WILL GET EXPEWIENCE VEWY WAPIDLY!

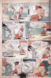

AND DON'T FORGET OUR MOTTO, FUDD.... "FRIENDLY, COURTEOUS AND ACCOMMODATING SERVICE IS OUR WATCHWORD!"
TAXI CAB
TAXI
I WILL WEMEMBER!
TAXI!!
A HA! I'LL SEE HOW HE HANDLES HIS FIRST CUSTOMER!
TAXI!! TAXI!!
QUICK, DOC! TAKE ME TO FIFTH AN' MAIN... AN' DON'T SPARE TH' HOSSES!
YOU!!
WHY! YOU WEPULSIVE CWEATURE! I WOULDN'T DWIVE YOU ANYWHERE!
TAXI
SCWAM! GO 'WAY! OR I'LL HIT YOU WIGHT ON TH' NOSE!
TAXI
"REMEMBER OUR MOTTO... "FRIENDLY, COURTEOUS AN' ACCOMMODATING SERVICE"
GULP!
YOU'LL PARDON HIM, PLEASE! HE'S A NEW MAN... A TRIFLE INEXPERIENCED!
SURE! I AIN'T PARTIC'LAR, MISTER!

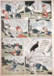

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DOC! STEP ON IT!! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!
NO, SIREE!
EVWYTIME I MEET YOU, IT MEANS TWOUBLE! I WEFUSE TO SPEED AN' GET AWWESTED FOR YOU!
CRASH!
BANG!
YOU NICKED MY BUMPER!
DON'T WOWWY! OUR COMPANY TAKES CARE OF ALL DAMAGES! HERE'S OUR CARD!
FOR YOUR FIRST DAY DOC, I GOTTA ADMIT YOU'RE STARTIN' OUT WITH A BANG!
AW... SHUT UP! ER... I MEAN YES, INDEED!
LOOK OUT FOR THAT CAT, DOC!!
KABLOOEY
MEW!

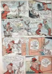


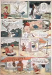


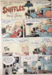


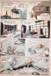


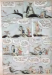


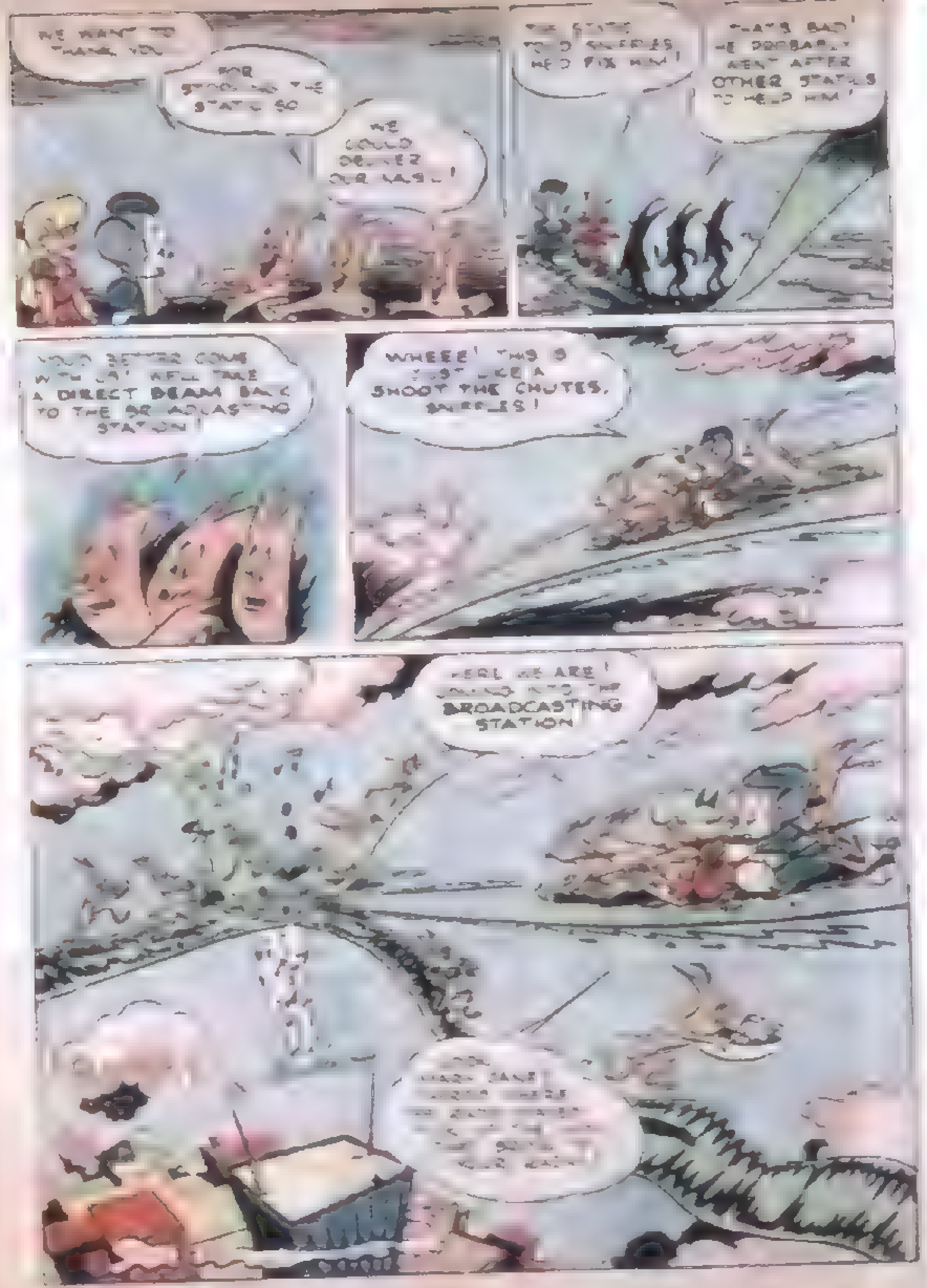




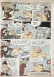

SNIFFLES
and
Mary Jane

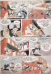




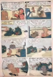

WE WANT TO THANK YOU
FOR STOPPING THE STATIC SO
WE COULD DELIVER OUR MESSAGE!
THE STATIC TOLD SNIFFLES HE'D FIX HIM!
THAT'S BAD! HE PROBABLY WENT AFTER OTHER STATICS TO HELP HIM!
YOU'D BETTER COME WITH US! WE'LL TAKE A DIRECT BEAM BACK TO THE BROADCASTING STATION!
WHEEE! THIS IS JUST LIKE A SHOOT THE CHUTES, SNIFFLES!
HERE WE ARE! SLIDING INTO THE BROADCASTING STATION!

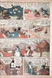
PORKY PIG





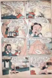
HENERY HAWK





BOOM!
CRASH!

ELMER FUDD



BUGS BUNNY WELCOMES THE NEW YEAR

(Continued from inside [illegible] cover)

"Are you all r-ready f-for your c-ebration, Bugs?" he asked.

"Yep," Bugs paused and mopped his ehead. "If you LI'L KIDS can stay wake, be sure to listen for my band midnight. I'll come down this street ast your house."

"We'll listen," Petunia promised.

The evening passed quickly and appily for Porky and Petunia. They at before a blazing fire and toasted marshmallows. They ate fudge and cookies and nuts and little sandwiches. They turned on the radio and listened to the New Year's Eve celebrations all over the country.

At five minutes before twelve, Porky looked at the clock and said, "We oughta b-be h-hearin' B-Bubs's one-man b-band any m-minute now!"

They strained their ears, listening for the rumbling of the wash tub drum, the tooting of the French horn and the rattling of the washboard which Bugs had promised. But the street was quiet.

Then the clock struck midnight! Sirens wailed. Bells rang. Horns tooted. But still there was neither sign nor sound of Bugs and his band!

"I w-wonder where B-Bugs is," Porky stuttered.

"There's a light in his house," Petunia announced, peering out the window. "He must still be at home."

"L-Let's go over and s-see," Porky suggested. "S-Something m-might be wrong!"

They hurried down the street to Bugs's house. No one answered their knocks. But the door was ajar, so they pushed it open and peered inside.

There, in the center of the room, stood the borrowed wheelbarrow, with the wash tub, the French horn, the washboard, and all the other noise-makers heaped inside it. All around the wheelbarrow were coils of rope, snarls of wire and sticks, with which Bugs had tried to rig up his band . . .

And, on the floor beside the clutter, lay Bugs, himself, FAST ASLEEP!

"Happy New Year!" Porky and Petunia shouted.

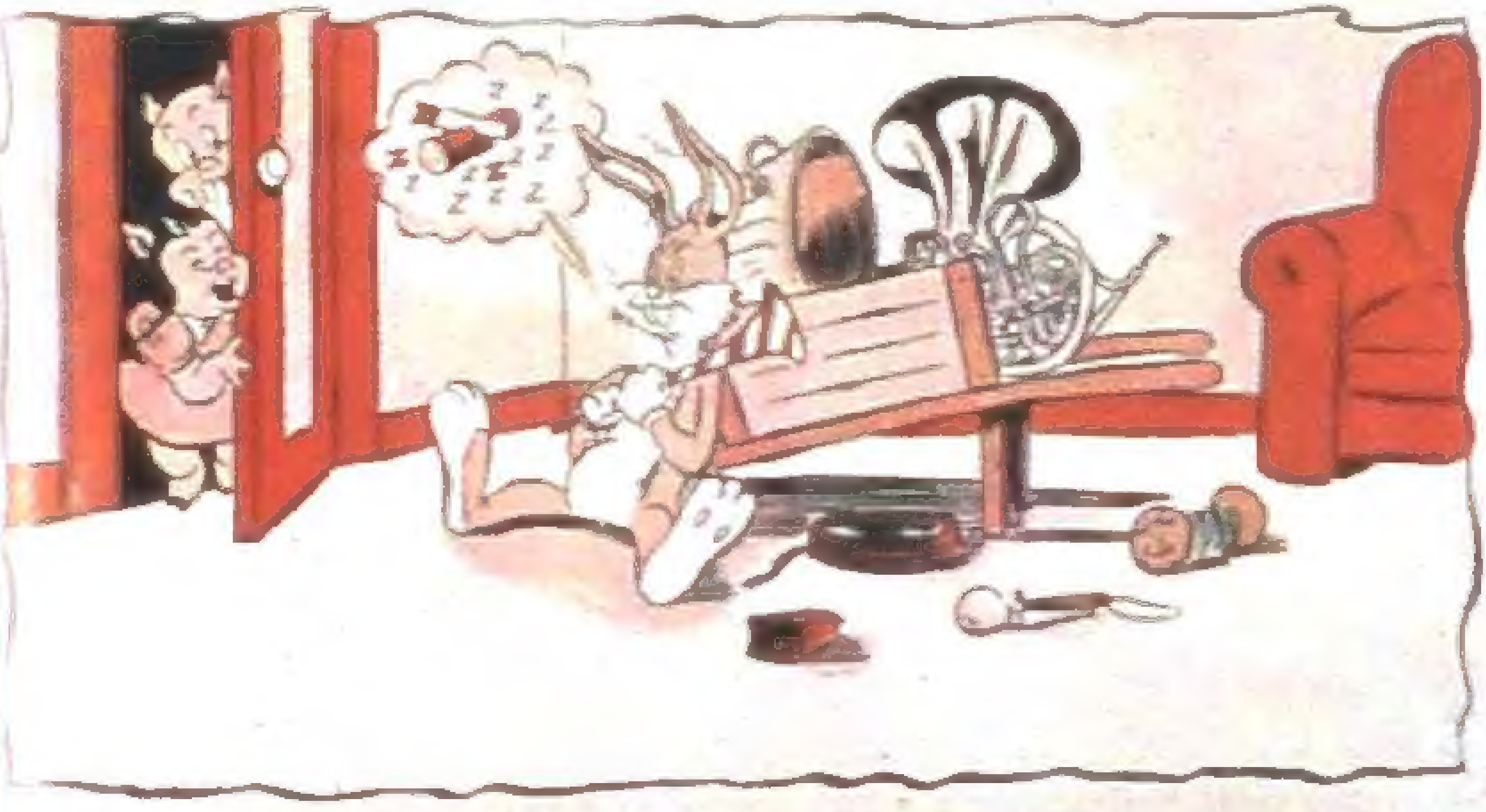
Bugs jumped up, startled. He rubbed his eyes and looked around in surprised bewilderment.

"What . . . where am I?" he mumbled, still foggy with sleep.

"You're right at home, where you belong," giggled Petunia.

"But my band . . . my New Year's Eve celebration . . ." Bugs began.

"It's t-too l-late now, Bugs," Porky smiled. "New Y-Year's Eve is p-past. An' only us LI'L KIDS w-were awake t-to celebrate!"



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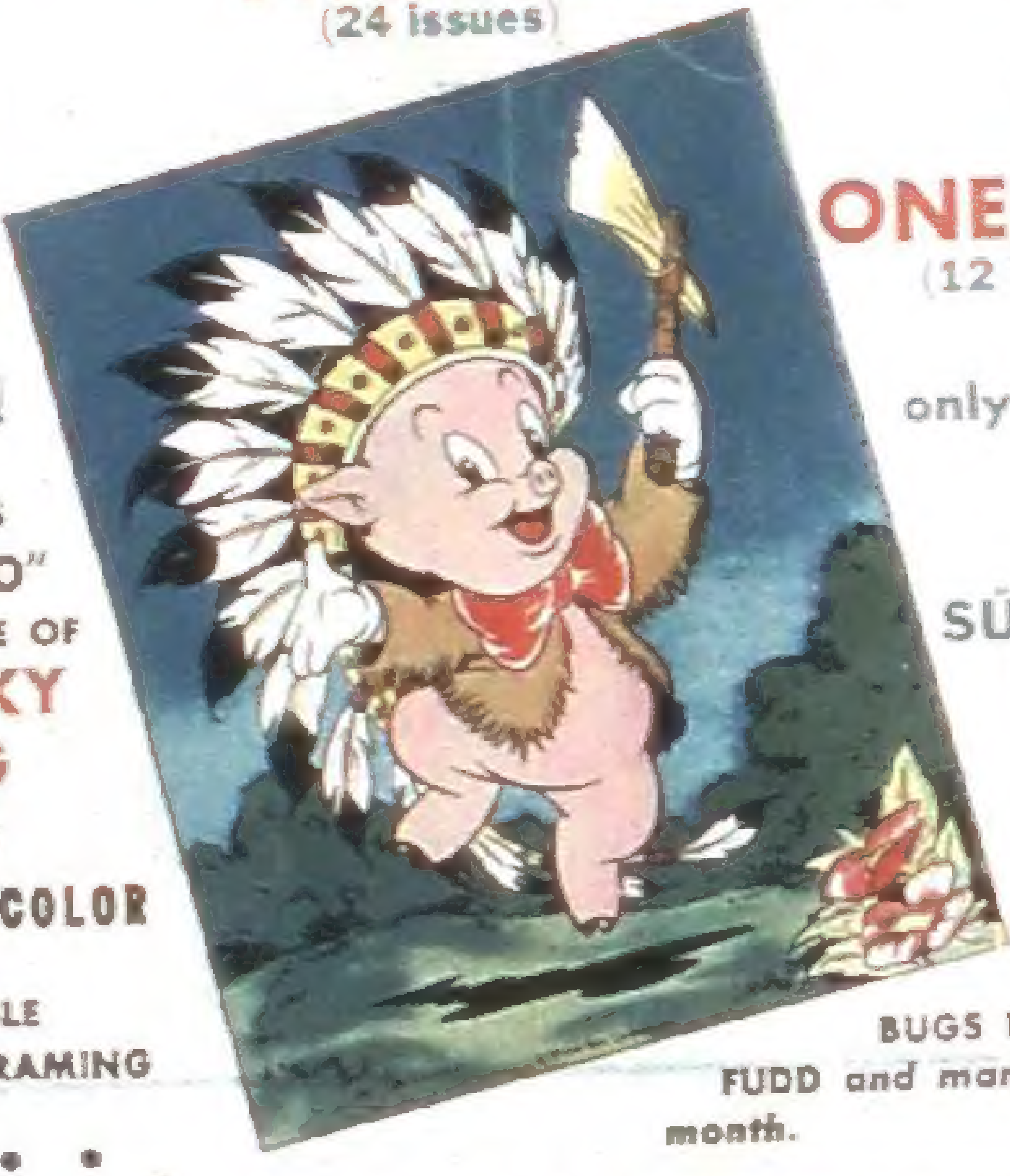

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